

# THE DAGLIGHTALE

Your Augustana Student Paper

February 2005

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John McCormack proposed to his girlfriend Laurel Lazaruko in the chapel on the evening of Monday January 31. The choir sang a Spanish love song before John did the deed. Two editors in attendance got something stuck in their eyes.

## Love at First Sight

City Hall is Enamored with Augustana's Future, but What Do They Really Know About Us?

This is not just another article about the Augustana merger.

What follows is an introduction to a unique relationship which exists between Augustana and the City of Camrose. Since the 2004 merger with the U of A, Augustana has begun to enter into a new reality—a reality of millions of rejuvenating dollars being funneled from the provincial government into Camrose's historic university. Clearly, with all the anticipated

economic benefits to be generated by the growth of the institution, Augustana has caught the attention of City Hall. And in a city seemingly feverishly bent on economic growth, Augustana may well become the city's next economic engine for municipal development. But what does City Hall actually understand about Augustana? Does their knowledge extend beyond growth charts and economic impact assessments? Does the mayor even know what it

means to have a liberal arts or science degree? There are many more questions which can be added to this list, all of which are important not only for the continuing success of the merger, but also for students and Camrosians alike.

In case you don't believe me, this anecdote might change your mind: During the brief campaign period preceding the last municipal election in Camrose, a candidate for

councillor was recorded saying that he hoped to bring more heavy industry to Camrose in order to provide job opportunities for Augustana graduates. While there is nothing inherently wrong with bringing heavy industry to Camrose, there is an obvious lack of understanding in presuming a career fit between Liberal Arts or Science graduates and fiberoptic plants or steel mills. It is important that the individuals in City Hall recognize the identity of Augustana and the type of education which is made available to students in Camrose.

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Contact the  
Daglightale at:

Room F205

ph: 679-1542

daglightale



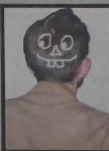
hotmail.com

## The Editors:



Jer

This has been the craziest time doing the Dag yet...It's 6:13am and I haven't slept yet. I'm so tired dreams are forming on the back of my head. I don't think I'll make it to class today. Please take notes for me. I'll need to look at them eventually. Why do humans need sleep anyway? My life would be much more productive if I didn't always wish I were sleeping... Goodnight, goodnight Zzzzzz....



Steve

Hello, and welcome to the February edition of the Daglightale. Inside, you'll find a consistent theme in many of the articles—Valentine's Day. I know, some of you may detest this fluffy tradition of cheap sentimentality, flowers and chocolates, but there's something in here for you, too. We've taken the liberty of writing valentines, some of which are bitter. Please enjoy your February, the shortest month of the year.

# students association

## Grants and More Grants

**One of the services that the Students' Association provides is grants. What does this mean? Well, the SA sets aside money each year to be given to students who have expressed a need. Students are required to create a proposal and present it to Council. After a question period, the Council deliberates and determines an amount to be allotted.**

**Who can receive grants?**

**Any student who pays SA fees is eligible to apply for and receive grants. Grants have been given for many different types of endeavours so far this year.**

The following grants have been awarded:

**Matthew Rance**-\$100 for World University Games

**Roddy Ward**-\$100 for World University Games

**Aaron Olofson**-\$200 for the Costa Rica trip

**Augustana Drama Department**-\$200 for opening night of the Vagina Monologues

**Carl Skinstad**-\$100 for World University Games

**Nordisk Klubb**-\$250 to celebrate Norway's Centennial

**Tim Wintoniw**-\$100 for the Dogsledding trip

**Elizabeth Rutaroh**-\$250 for the Cuba Exchange

**You can receive more information regarding grants from any council or executive member. Stop by the SA offices, located in F203 & F207.**

## A Note Regarding Tuition:

Some of you may have read a recent article in the local papers regarding tuition rates at the University of Alberta. Yes, tuition will be going up this year. However, **this does not apply to Augustana students!**

**Tuition at Augustana has been frozen at \$5650.**

## Upcoming Events

**Formal will be held March 12, 2005 in the Augustana gym.**

**Keep an eye on your mailboxes for more information.**

**There will also be a dance to follow formal this year. Ask Colin McComb, Students' Association VP Student Life for more info.**

**Students' Association elections will be held in March.**

**More information will be found in next month's Dag.**

...Continued from page 1...

For an increasing proportion of students, the new reality involves staying at Augustana until the completion of their degrees. While it may be common knowledge to many current and former students that Augustana has long served as a brief academic stepping stone, it may come as a surprise that Augustana's role is changing. In May 2005 Augustana conferred U of A degrees to its graduates, degrees which have for many years seduced first- and second-year students away from Camrose.

However, the increased student life span doesn't mean that graduates of Augustana will be choosing to call Camrose home for the rest of their lives. The nature of a Liberal Arts or Science degree is simply not as specifically career-oriented as many other degrees. Its virtue, however, can be found in the broad-minded, critical-thinking, and communitarian skills which the curricula and the campus afford to students.

Acting dean Dr. Roger Epp agrees, "It's true that for lots of people a degree here is not an endpoint." Epp also offers that, "one of the things we have a chance to do here is, in increasing numbers, draw students out of the major cities and offer them something completely different, and maybe give them a glimpse of a different kind of lifestyle, too." And at the heart of this lifestyle is Augustana's Liberal Arts tradition, which Epp agrees, "would be at the core of anything we have in mind."

So what does Augustana have in mind? Education and nursing degrees are two of the front-running candidates, and talks are well underway to incorporate them into Augustana, says Epp.

And if in the near future Augustana's capacity grows and more students decide to stay until the completion of their degrees, the Liberal Arts and Science atmosphere will become even more pronounced. The Daglightle wanted to find out what the new mayor of Camrose, Clarence Mastel, knew about Augustana's soul. So we went and asked him.

Mastel, for those who are unaware, has a 30-some year history with mid- and senior-level management with the Alberta Wheat Pool, during which time he conducted trade with, and traveled to, clients in some 19 countries around the globe. Born and raised in southern Saskatchewan, Mastel is well acquainted with small community atmosphere. He is also well acquainted with Camrose, where he has resided since 1986.

Mastel, in his short time as mayor, has already become involved in the Augustana merger, and admits that he's, "very, very, very excited about it." He says, "There's no question that it will probably be the biggest economic driver this community has ever witnessed."

When asked, however, what he knows about Augustana's Liberal Arts and Science heritage, Mastel replied with an honest, "very limited." Since his recent

move to the mayor's seat, Mastel has had meetings with Dr. Epp, as well as with Jim Edwards, chairman of Augustana's Board of Governors. And with projections of Augustana's growth rate forecasting a doubling of the student population in just ten years, he seems excited about the prospect of Camrose being called "a university town."

Mastel is, and always has been, a proponent of what he calls "the people industry." He recognizes that there are people who think that future prosperity is achieved through building "smokestacks," but his general response is that, "We need to attract the kinds of businesses that will allow people to stay here and make a living, and of course, be able to utilize their intellectual ability." That is to say that as Camrose's identity as a "university town" continues to grow, our business climate will have to adapt accordingly.

Indeed, fostering a healthy municipal economy is no easy task, and attempting to pick and choose which industries set up shop in Camrose is no easier. Especially in a small western Canadian community like Camrose, where economic development seems to be the hardwired imperative deeply entrenched into most people's minds. Ever since European settlers arrived on trains from eastern Canada, there has been a prevalent attitude among municipal governments that Dr. Epp describes as, "if you're not growing, then there's something wrong with you."

So does the mayor buy into

the historical theory of "development fever"? Well, he says that his basic philosophy is that "if you ever stand still, you're going to start to regress." He adds that, "development as a natural growth is healthy; as a forced event or attitude or philosophy, I think it brings with it maybe some other not so positive things."

Mastel maintains that one of the biggest reasons why development is driven so hard by communities is the massive "downloading of costs" by both provincial and federal governments. Communities like Camrose, he says, are forced to lend for themselves to help stabilize their tax base. So will Augustana's growth be used indiscriminately by City Hall as bait for future businesses and investors? One can only hope not.

Mastel believes that Camrose's planning department and previous city councils have done a decent job at trying to maintain a, "global vision for the community." But he also concedes that Camrose is now going to see vast growth, whether called upon or not. And one of the largest contributors to the growth of Camrose is here—Augustana.

But a larger question looms... What does Mastel mean by "natural growth"? Does he simply mean that the citizens of Camrose don't push for it? Is growth natural if investors from other cities, provinces, and countries anonymously call for it here? There are many contestable

issues intertwined into the relationship between Augustana and the City of Camrose, ranging from the social to the economic to the philosophical. And it's going to take someone with a broad-minded education and plenty of critical thinking skills to examine and reconcile them.

Congratulations if you have read this far. Most people think they're above municipal politics.

*The Daglightle is currently scheduled to meet with Camrose's City Council early in February to further discuss the relationship between Augustana and City Hall.*

## Students' Union Treasury Scandal Anniversary

by Steve Hansen

February 2005 marks the 12th anniversary of an interesting Students' Union (now Students' Association) scandal. In February 1993 former SU Treasurer Eric Laflamme was sentenced to 9 months in jail, as well as 3 years probation, and ordered to pay \$20,968 restitution to the SU. Laflamme, who served as the SU's Treasurer for two consecutive terms, 1989-90 and 1990-91, was found guilty of regularly funneling money from a Students' Union account craftily labeled for "gym development."

## THE WHOLE STRIP

By Dimitri Ivanov

As many of you have probably heard "The Old Cinema" or The O.C. is having a strip show every Thursday. It seems that Nepal's 25 cent draft night has been cutting into their business and this is their way of bringing it back. I don't know about the rest of you but I know very few girls that go to see a strip show. The worst part about this is what this says about us guys. It says that we can be lead around by our dicks. We will be entertained for a time, at least until we start to look closer at these tawdry slaves of the sex industry. Then we will start to notice stretch marks from the kids they have had, and we will notice their vacant stares as they dance in an effort to get every last tip out of us. We might notice burn marks from tossed cigarettes or bruises and grime from grinding on a dirty floor. Watching strippers makes me pity them and the society in which we live that celebrates this as an alternative to a real relationship. The stupid thing is that no one realizes that by the time they get back to the dorm where they most likely have a roommate, those girls of the red light stage will no longer be as appealing. I would rather go the bar and strike out, than return from the strippers with nothing to show for it than a nasty case of Blue Balls.

## Briar Rose Boutique

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# My New Year's Resolutions

by Ben Schumacher

Okay, so it's February now and New Year's was over a month ago. But I didn't make any resolutions this year, so I thought I'd make some right now. Plus I can't think of anything else to write about. So, for the year 2005:

1. I will not pass out in the soccer field and get woken up by a cop. Stupid Public Intoxication tickets.
2. I will improve my puking aim.
3. I will clean the bathroom at least once.
4. I will not drink on days that begin with "Z".
5. I will make it to at least 1.5 of my classes everyday.
6. I will refill my gumball machine.
7. I will try to attempt to get close to thinking about reading something in a textbook. Maybe.
8. I will discover the meaning of life.
9. I will discover how to perfectly bond the XY and the XX chromosomes.
10. I will start my own religion. You can join if you want to.
11. I will try to be nicer. Ah, screw that one.
12. I will start a fight club. But don't talk about it.
13. I will think of two more things to write down.
14. I will start a band. And we shall be called "Death Wish V".
15. I will not promise to do any of these.

## The 411 of Chapel during Lent

by Shauna Littlefair

The season of Lent is approaching, are you ready? Do you know what I'm talking about? Lent is a time of year in the church calendar, the 40 days (not including Sundays) before Easter, when we make our journey to the cross with Christ. What does that all mean? Well that's hard for me to explain. If you want the low down on Lent, I suggest coming to chapel and experiencing it for yourself. On a personal note, I love Lent. I can't explain why, or what it is I love about it, but I look forward to it every year. Easter just wouldn't be the same without Lent.

So, join Campus Ministry Shrove Tuesday, February 8, in the Caf for pancake supper at 5 pm, (\$3 for off campus students). Shrove Tuesday, AKA Mardi Gras, Fat Tuesday, Pancake Tuesday, is the day before lent begins when all the fat is used up. How does one use up fat? Make pancakes! Then at 5:45 we'll be in the chapel to burn palm leaves and 'bury' the Alleluia. The Alleluia is 'buried' and we try not to use it until Easter. Palms are burned for the Ash Wednesday service, the next day. So here's the 411 on Chapel:

**Mondays:** Contemporary Worship with 'house' band 10 am

**Tuesdays:** Soup supper, 5pm - a community meal where that everyone is welcome!

**Wednesdays:** Holy Communion service 10 am

**Friday:** Guest speakers telling stories of their own Lenten journeys at 10am.

## Tell me all your thoughts on God

by Shauna Littlefair

*Cause I would really like to meet her. And ask her why we're who we are. And ask many questions, like children often do. Tell me all your thoughts on God, cause I would really like to meet her. And ask her why we're who we are.*

Have you ever heard a really good story? There are some people out there who no matter what they are telling you make it the greatest story ever. This year, at the campus ministry retreat we learned about story telling. We learned that exaggeration in a story doesn't take away from the story, it just adds to the truth. The oral tradition of story-telling is very valued in many societies and we have kind of forgotten that. Did you know there is a lady out there who rents herself out as a grandma, and all she does is tell stories to people? The greatest part of story-telling, I think, is having people listen. That's what was so great about this weekend, we all told stories and we all listened. It is a neat feeling to have the undivided attention of a 20 or so people, while you tell a story inspired by a random idea given to you. I drew a piece of paper with 'Remember a time you found a wounded animal...' etc. So, now I will share my story with you, as I told the group:

This one time at my cabin, up by on Lac La Nonne, my younger brother, my two cousins, and myself, were playing (we were about 7-ish at the time). My cabin is pretty rustic, so the only thing to do is play outside, in the bush making forts of one kind and another. So while we were on an excursion looking for 'supplies', we came across a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest behind the boat house. As opposed to tell our parents about the bird, we proceeded to pick it up with sticks and adopt it. Unfortunately the bird did not make it through the day. That is the end.

I encourage you to tell stories, and find a group who will listen to whatever story you would like tell.

## Perplexing Ponderings

by Shauna, Krista, and Sarah

Have you ever wondered about something, and not known what to do with your question? Maybe it's one of those unanswered questions that don't actually have a concrete answer. But just asking the questions is therapeutic, don't you agree? Here are some questions that we have been perplexedly pondering...

Why has the U of A replaced all of the soap dispensers in the washrooms on campus from a local supplier to a corporate house supplier? Why don't people read posters anymore? How come some people eat rice with their fingers? Why is Paris Hilton famous, seriously? What's with the sexually explicit videos band are producing to cover up for mediocre musical talent? Why don't all restaurants in Camrose offer a student discount like the Saigon Rose Noodle House? What's up with Tim's being closed at 6, was the competition from Merchants that much? Am I the only one who's scared that Destiny's Child is making a comeback? Hi Cam-get back to work. Who writes major assignments in the first month of the semester? Does Monty run in the end? How many roads must a man walk down before you can call him a man? How can Vanessa's favorite song be Blue by Eiffel 65? Why are there so many Bio sessionals this year? What's up with the skin that seems to be gathering under my chin? Doesn't my mouth move enough to exercise that area? If I am a 5<sup>th</sup> year student, what do I put for my year on a course evaluation? They don't provide a box for us super-seniors. Most of all, I want to know why Jeremy changes my name to Shauna-Bear every time I submit an article to the Dag...



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Adventure Travel Company/  
Travel CUTS office

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Dear Matt,  
From everyone along the line  
with whom you've had a  
drink,  
who among them can  
contest  
you tried to make us think?  
About Big Things  
like Love, Rod, and the  
Legislature,  
we know your needs  
for great big deeds.  
Say hi to Ralph.

To Big Brother U of A,  
May the love between us  
never cease  
nor the obscurity in which  
we bask,  
so long as the money keeps  
flowing in  
we've nothing more of which  
to ask,  
Love,  
Administration.

To the one who hooks me on...  
a leash, a buyer,  
selling me kiss by kiss,  
you never miss  
your mark  
when I tutor you  
in Chemistry.

To Gary Snyder, Miller,  
Lighten up for Godsakes,  
it's only a game.  
Just kidding,  
Go Vikings Go!

To President John Pattison,  
Roses are red,  
violets are blue,  
you're awful cute,  
but who elected you?  
From the Augustana Student  
body.

To my scrumptious little land grubbing capitalist;  
though I detest your general outlook on life you are mine  
always,  
unless your stock goes up too high,  
in which case I will sell you at top dollar  
and drive away laughing in my convertible  
Love From: your pseudo-neo-hippie snoogie woogums  
lie sing

To Jess,  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
Love,  
Shauna (not Shauma)

To all the freshmen,  
We were once you,  
but we swear we didn't act  
so young and naive.  
And stupid,  
From all the senior students.

To the planet,  
I care about you, even if  
other people don't  
Love,  
Glen Hvenegaard

To OC's  
Thank you,  
for beer,  
new friends,  
great music,  
good times,  
or not,  
Jer

To TLS,  
Tech Life Support?  
The Love Shack?  
Too Little Sex?  
Whatever the words,  
or the situation,  
keep doing what you're  
doing.  
Love,  
Everyone.

To Cindy,  
May Cupid strike his enamoring bow  
upon all the times we still have together.  
Lord knows we're smitten already.  
The Daggies.

To my beloved ex-wife  
oh how I once adored thee  
your elegant style and grace  
had me completely fooled for about  
ten fricking years  
by the way I slept with your sister  
-G-

To the RDXers,  
Try to remember you're  
still in university,  
but enjoy the Mexican  
weather.

To the Mayor,  
You're the most  
endearing person  
we've met this week.  
The Daggies.

To Dr. Carter,  
We'd send you chocolates  
but you'd probably put them  
through  
the NMR spectrometer.

To all German students,  
Wir lieben jeden von euch.  
Bitte versucht Vokabeln zu  
lernen.  
Mit Freunlichen Gruessen,  
The Dag

Dear Mrs. G-W  
I know that what with all  
of my being so uh cool  
and the fact that I am the  
Iraq  
and well, you get the  
picture don't you  
It's simple honey, if you've  
got a big oil tanker  
and a little seal, you're the  
seal and I'm tanker  
That's how much I love  
you  
From G-W

To the study of music theory,  
You're a joke,  
nothing more than Gr. 9 math.  
Lighten up,  
Bach's been dead for  
centuries.  
Love,  
Steve.

To El Nino,  
Thanks for the mild winter

Dear Nickelback,  
You never made it as a wise band  
Couldn't cut it as anything  
even worth listening to.  
The love affair is over.

To the Editors,  
Please don't write a Valentine  
to yourselves.  
That's just tacky.

To Adam,  
We like your rhythm,  
and your Jimmy-kay.  
TVE

# Valentines

Happy Valentine's Day  
Love, The Dag

**HAPPY HOUR**

the vinyl experiment is set to take to the stage for one final show this semester on Saturday February 12 at The Players Club. Happy Hour is being billed as "A Night of Good Music" featuring special guests 12 Month Planner and Erica. Tickets are already on sale, and all the performers would like to see as many people as possible in attendance. Last time TVE joined forces with 12 Month Planner (in August), over 200 tickets were sold.

12 Month Planner is an original psychedelic rock band—both a pleasure to watch and to converse with. Erica is, all clichés aside, a beautiful singer/songwriter. And the vinyl experiment, as usual, is the rock band that just keeps growing—not only in its fan base, but in its musicianship as well. In addition, TVE is continuing work on its CD entitled "Rooted." Ticket sales from the show go directly toward the production of the CD. So if you think that good rock concerts only happen in big cities, just give this evening a try. And if you've never seen TVE perform, this may be your last chance before they take their act elsewhere this summer. Advance tickets can be purchased at The Players Club as well as from performers.

**the vinyl experiment**

presents...

**'Happy Hour'**A Night of Good Music  
with**12 Month Planner  
&  
Erica**

The Players Club  
Saturday February 12,  
Doors @ 7:30  
Show @ 9:00

**Happy Hour Prices until 10:00pm**

Tickets \$5 at the door  
or in advance at The Players Club

**Are you Positive or Negative?**

by Tripton Valetudo

That is my question to you. Are you HIV positive or negative? Have you had sex, shared a needle with someone, mixed blood with someone or been pricked by the same edge as someone else? If your answer is "Yes" to any one of those, the risk is there for you to be HIV positive. You may say it won't happen to me but it can, and will. HIV can remain dormant

in the body for years before showing physical signs of being present. Throughout those years you can infect people.

Have you been tested for HIV? If any of the above have happened, you should be tested. Testing is simple; they draw some blood just like they would for any normal blood test. Make it a standard part of your next check up

especially if you are sexually active. Many people assume the people they sleep with are HIV negative; unless you ask and they have been tested you don't know the answer. Why risk yourself for a few moments of pleasure.

"I may have been infected, what do I do?" If you believe you have been infected within the past 12 hours, go immediately to the nearest

hospital and tell them you believe you have been infected with HIV. The medical community is having measured success in immediate infection HIV prevention. In either case, if you believe you have been infected, get tested as soon as possible.

\*Only Queers and Drug

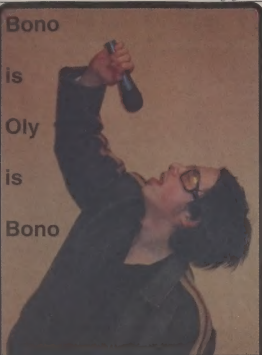
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**Bono**

is

Oly

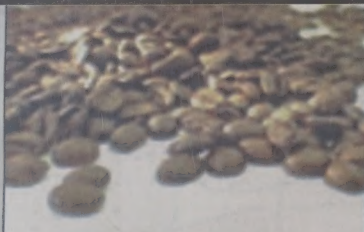
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# The Trek to Bonnaroo

## Part 4

by Jason Hewitt

The bus trip was the next phase of my journey.

The part where I traveled the Greyhound through Canada was actually pretty cool. I attempted to keep a log of my travels. Here it is, for your boredom enjoyment.

As I've already let you know, I of course started in Camrose and then made my way from here to Wetaskiwin, Hobbema, Ponoka, Lacombe, and then Red Deer. After meeting my brother the bus hit Calgary and that is when I had my first interesting moment. I arrived at the Calgary bus depot rather late. It was already closing when I got there. I didn't know this at the time but my first destination was the internet kiosk in order to check my email. I hadn't been able to do it for a while, not having at the time a computer or anything, so I knew I had better do it now before my Hotmail account expired. I made it on time, nothing interesting in the email, just some more junk from poetry.com.

It was then that a security guard approached me and told me I had to leave. I mentioned I still had five minutes left on the kiosk and to my surprise he told me I could use it up before I left. I then let him know I had absolutely nowhere to stay and that I was a connecting passenger. He kindly let me know in a Québécois accent that I could sleep the night in the bus terminal. I went and got a locker, (number 240) and I parked for the night and started writing in my journal. This I started at 12:45 and it lasted for about ten minutes. The date was June 08, 2004.

After a fitful night of cramped snoozing and waking up on a crazy bench that seemed designed to withstand the powers of sleep I woke and bummed around in the cafeteria (mediocre by the way, and pretty overpriced, in case you are ever laid up in the Calgary Greyhound Terminal I was at), and then I played this game I was going to come across many times in my travels, a police-simulator in which you shoot at targets with a light beam emitted from a plastic gun and pretend you are a marksman.

Finally it was back on the bus. In the lineup I noticed a group of people I have come to find typical of any bus

journey. There was a slightly frumpy and saggy lady with glasses, about 21 years old. She was with a rather ordinary looking and nice blonde girl. The frump was very loud and obnoxious and obviously horny and excited about the prospect of traveling around with the group of males that had already attached themselves to these young ladies.

These guys seemed to be buddies, two from the same place and the other one it seemed they had met traveling around. They had woke me when the terminal opened with their drunken tomfoleery. They reeked of booze and made a lot of noise in their attempt to find a decent place to sleep, like I had been trying to do all night. After much incoherently metallic screeching of chair legs on concrete floor they finally succumbed to the power of their festive night out and boozily evaporated into blissful semi-rest. Now they were awake, we were boarding the bus, and the two groups I have just described were now the target of my sociological scrutiny. I predicted that by the end of the journey The Frump would get laid and that these guys would be smoking marijuana and drinking.

For now I settled into my seat and began to read. I read a lot on that journey. I read The Way of Zen by Alan Watts. I read a lot of Piers Anthony. I read The Celestine Prophecy, (actually an alright book). I was bored and traveling. From Calgary we hit Strathmore, Gleichen, Bassano, and then Brooks. I got out here to look up an old friend's phone number in the Brooks directory. He was a good buddy in high school and he got laid on grad night and knocked up the girl. I haven't seen him since, but last I heard they were married and supposedly living in Brooks. I couldn't find his phone number.

There was a silver lining to this dark cloud. As I walked away from the phone booth I noticed this cool looking dude listening to some girl enthusiastically talking to him about Buddhism. I got on the bus and he ended up sitting beside me. We went through Suffield and into Medicine Hat where I got off and had a Subway meal. I found a cool

bookstore by this Subway near the Greyhound station where I bought some more Piers Anthony books. I got back on the bus and we were rolling. I used my new purchases to strike conversation with the strange mystical man I was next to for he was also reading a Piers Anthony book. He said his daughter had lent it to him and we talked about interesting literature for a moment. I then said, "Well, good to meet you!" and cheerfully went back to reading.

**Bonnaroo: a four-day music festival on a 700-acre farm in Manchester, Tennessee. Past headliners include Dave Matthews and Bob Dylan.**

Eventually we were to talk in more detail and I learned that the man's name was Gargavay Ishaya and that he was a teacher in a Buddhist organization that taught the virtues of The Ishayas Ascension. The more I talked to him the more I found this man. He kept saying things like, "I am always there." And "I used to work at a factory, but now I don't." I marveled at his profound ways nonetheless and eagerly spoke my soul with this man who drank it all in with a penetratingly whimsical giggle. He handed me a business card that said "Experience the Silence Within". I always say that one should be careful of monks with business cards, but still, there is some wisdom in folly. That in mind, here is the website on the card - [www.ishaya.org](http://www.ishaya.org)

We crossed the border into Maple Creek, SK and then hit Gull Lake, Swift Current, Herbert, Morse, Chaplin, Briarcrest, and then we got to Moose Jaw. This is around when I had my main talk with Gargavay and I found that after a full day of bus travel I had already lost all sense of time and I was just in transit. I watched the movies on the bus (We seen many. Spiderman and Master and Commander were notably exciting). We hit Whitehead and then Moosman and then we crossed into Manitoba, the farthest East I had ever been to that point and still further to go. This is where I fell asleep for the first

time since leaving Calgary and when I woke up we were in Winnipeg.

Here we had a few hour wait for a connecting bus. I was departing ways with all of my interesting traveling companions. Gargavay was off on some mission. The Frump had been spectacularly laid and now was glowing red and sweating from the latest escapade with her temporary man whom she held by the hand. They were getting on different buses. The guy's two companions had ignored the plain blonde chick opting instead to drink alcohol and smoke marijuana whenever the opportunity had made itself available.

I too would have joined and brought along a stash of Bud but I was coming to the dreaded United States/Canadian border. Long story short, I didn't have any valid picture identification at the time aside from my tattered old Augustana Student ID from the year 2001. I had brought with me an insane amount of personal information to help prove that I was who I said I was and I came from where I said I came from. I was getting more and more anxious the nearer we drew to the border crossing, where we would cross into Grand Forks North Dakota. I knew that my one crappy picture ID and the library fine notices, income tax information, phone bills, Augustana Bills, health cards, notice of SIN (not the card but the paper that works like the card that is free.) I had all sorts of shit and I was sweating with the idiocy of my journey. What would I do if I couldn't go across the border? Where would they put me? Would another bus be coming soon? Would they say I was on my own and make me walk the forty some miles to the next nearest Canadian Greyhound Station? Had I just travelled a grueling two and a half days on the bus for nothing? Was a nervous wreck and I didn't know what to expect. I imagined all sorts of horrors about crossing the border without identification, entering one of the most paranoid countries in the world without any way of saying who I was. What if they found me suspicious? What if...

Before I knew it they shuffled me across the

border and I was on my way to Bonnaroo. They didn't even search me! They pulled us off the bus, made us half-ass open our bags. Didn't even ask me any questions. I could tell that the guy didn't want to deal with me as soon as I started pulling out my loads of identification. I was one of the first people back on the bus.

Nothing else exciting happened on the way except for one more stop: Fargo, North Dakota! I was notably excited about this place because I thought the movie was awesome. I had already decided to look around on foot for a restaurant. I had about 45 minutes. I walked around and noticed that there was nothing around even remotely resembling food. It was weird. The bus depot only had some crappy vending machines and all the surrounding buildings looked like they could easily be sweatshops. Nonetheless I valiantly trekked on, carrying my bags.

I eventually came to this guitar store run by this dude who is really cool. He was indifferent until he realized I am a real musician and he then proceeded to regale me with all sorts of cool stories once he found out I was from Canada and where I was going. He told me that his dad was really good friends with Randy Bachman. In fact, Randy even had several of this dude's guitars on loan. His enthusiasm was cool. He recommended some good old croonin' music for me and gave me free guitar picks. Then, with a suddenly intense look in his eye, he said, "I have something for you."

He beckoned me to follow and he took me to the very hidden corners of his already unique store, loaded to the gills with the most cheap vintage equipment I had ever seen. It made me wish I had a truck. He showed me this old battered acoustic guitar and I immediately bought it. I could tell it was suffering. It was so beautiful... It had this crazy high string action and made the coolest metallic keening noise with every note as the strings frantically and almost unrealistically vibrated, rapidly brushing back and forth ever so softly against the frets and creating a sort of harmonic imbalance that was absolutely beautiful.

*continued on page ...*



## Ode to Coordinated Boy

Love ET

H'Okay, so here is the earth. It is a round earth. Very nice. On this earth there is a college where educated people goes. In the center of this is a 'caf.' It's not a good place, but not bad either. It's full of strange people wearing strange clothes. Actually, just one boy. He was... Gasp... In all red. AAAAHHHH!!! He was... Coordinated. And thus we began our study of 'coordinated boy.'

**Day Two:** Brunch time. Regular table. We patiently wait for our specimen to appear. The doors open. He comes in. It's... Red. Head to toe. We laugh, thinking it's a coincidence. We decide to continue our examination.

**Day Three:** Brunch time. In

line. Just ahead, what do we see...? No, not red. BLUE!!! Pants, sweater, hat...all match, all coordinated. We believe we have a study.

**Day Four:** Subject enters the caf. This time we have a posse of people, all observing, monitoring CB's wardrobe. Will he do it? Won't he? Bets are on the table. He walks in... It's a go, Houston, it's a go... While those of the true knowledge laugh, the others are now better prepared.

**For the next few days,** all watch and wait for Coordinated Boy. Would he defy the experiment, tamper with variables, and set the whole thing to flames, or would he dress to the

occasion? And like always, he stood up, and took his place on top... And dressed like he was a candle on a cake... Beige, orange, red, blue... Please, buy this boy some purple. And then the dreaded day... CB changed. **Day 11:** CB enters caf, all dressed in red. We think the streak continues. Then supper hits. We look down the table, and there it is... the change... a new outfit. No longer is his outfit coordinated, but he matches his roomie. Jeans... yellow... What will happen next? Will he set a new path, or will the old habits re-emerge? Stay tuned as we follow the progress of CB. Kudos, CB.

## Answer: Ken Jennings. Question: Who's the Man?

By Joel Leffevre

June 2, 2004: A day that will be etched in all of our minds until the end of time. On this day in history Jeopardy and the world were introduced to the greatness that is Ken Jennings. This first game on Jeopardy for Jennings was the birth of the greatest man to ever play a game show. But the unforgettable Jennings didn't stop there, as it became a habit for him to involuntarily embarrass a good portion of his future challengers on Jeopardy, having about 3/4 of his games won before Final Jeopardy. His games on Jeopardy during his incredible streak of wins were so one-sided at times that his opponents would just smile and nod, as they knew they were overmatched. Opponents began having fun losing to him. One opponent was so overwhelmed by Jennings that she wrote down as her

final Jeopardy response "Whatever Ken put down." Most opponents simply did not know what they were getting themselves into when they picked up their signaling buttons and prepared to challenge the world's



Ken Jennings, the man of all measure

smartest man in the toughest quiz show around. However, Ken Jennings's opponents can take pride in the fact that they will forever be a part of history as the contestants that got their asses kicked by Ken Jennings. In his 74-game win streak on Jeopardy which lasted from

June 2, 2004 to November 30, 2004 Ken Jennings shattered every game show record in history. He also holds 9 of the top 10 Jeopardy one-day cash winning records with his best being a \$75 000 winning. Not bad for a 30-year old Mormon and software engineer from Salt Lake City, Utah. In total the smart, funny and colorful Jennings amassed \$2,520,700 and he will be back next year in the Jeopardy Tournament of Champions. And contrary to those who believe the show was rigged, Jennings won that money fair and square. You Ken Jennings haters out there are nothing but petty, personal, immature, jealous losers. Ken Jennings is a role model we could all emulate in ways. He is the true measure of a man. He is a human being we can all be proud of.

## SPRING BREAK, I Love You, Come To Me Now!!

I would like to say a prayer: Thank the Good Lord for spring break!!!!!! I am at my most cynical right now and could be considered unfit to write anything that may come into intellectual contact with other human beings. So bear with me. Exams don't bother me, neither do assignments, you can always slack off on these sorts of things and you can come out of the year with relatively excellent marks. But this term I have a couple of higher level courses which require a ridiculous amount of, albeit really good reading, reading nonetheless. On top of the reading there are many 'presentation-type' requirements. And unfortunately one cannot slack off when it comes to presentations because

anyone who has been unprepared for a presentation knows that no matter how much time and work it took to get prepared for the presentation it is much less stressful to buckle down and do the work rather than feel like an arsehole in front of your classmates (although one may feel like an arse even when fully prepared). So one could say that I am at fault for choosing the courses that I have chosen, and for desiring not to look like an arsehole, but I challenge you! It is not my fault! It is time's fault! It is its own bestial and untamable nature that cause me the anguish that I suffer right now. The temporality of time! Oh I hate how it passes! Why cannot it be saved rather than just merely spent! Oh piteous me! Oh...

## A Date With *By Carmen (Just Carmen)* Destiny

(And by "Destiny" I mean Joell)

A young gentleman approached me and kindly asked me if I could please write an article about him in the Dag. He was so kind, so modest; and those prodding eyes — how could I say no? So I reassured him that I would try my best, doubting that I would actually get around to fulfilling my promise. A few days later I realized it would be impossible to lie to the poor chap any longer and decided that if I was going to write with authenticity, I would have to do some research — thus this story begins. Maria, Carlie, Lori, and I were hanging out one night contemplating homework and naked pillow fights when in strolled that dashing and strapping (and insert another manly adjective here) fellow. He held an air of confidence that we found sexy and irresistible, so we invited him in. After profligate conversation about romantic things like constellations and Lori's breasts, I decided to ask Joel (for that was the name of this story's hero) if he wanted to buy all of us dinner. Joel consented, much to our disbelief, and we all walked

happily to the local Boston Pizza Lounge, minus Lori, because she had a lunch date with Joel the next day. Joel is probably the quintessential gentleman. Somewhere between the hilarious Simpsons quotes and the nose-blowing contests and the cheap pick-up lines directed towards our waitress and the degrading comments about females and me losing my appetite, I decided that Joel had every reason to ask me to write an article in praise of him. It was an epiphany—at once I knew why Joel remains to be the most popular guy with the ladies on First West. But alas, the purpose of this article isn't to give away answers; you have to find them yourself. It's not that hard, either! There's a little bit of Joel in all our hearts—one need only to look within..... Joel bought us pizza AND cheesecake. How many people on campus would do that for you? Gosh, what a sweetie. Thank you, Uncle Joel! First West loves you!

\*some names have been changed.



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## Bonnaroo

...continued from page 7

I thanked the kind man and made my way, arms completely full, back to the bus depot. I looked around and noticed that it was mysteriously empty. Dread began to dawn in me as I asked a person lounging around when the bus to Chicago left. He said it was pulling out right now! Hurry, he said!

I ran through a service door without even thinking and saw the bus just beginning to back up. Nimble dodging several tackling bus depot service men, greasy and angry with their running monkey juices, I stumbled violently into the door of the moving bus, arms still loaded unceremoniously with a guitar in a bulky cardboard case and all of my luggage. The driver stopped, and, chuckling, opened the door and let me on. I was happy as a clam in the back of my daddy's sister's ass. I was going to Bonnaroo.

## The Vinyl Experiment Goes to Mexico

and Ponders the Concept of the All-Inclusive Resort

by Steve

Over Christmas break, the members of The Vinyl Experiment decided they needed a break from the stresses and rigours of student life, as well as from the frigid cold of the Canadian winter. Life had simply become too draining upon itself, and some solace was required. So we booked an impromptu trip to an all-inclusive resort on the Pacific coast near Puerto Vallarta.

Now all of us were skeptical about the nature of an all-inclusive resort located in a poor country where most people's daily wages amount to an hour's work in Camrose. Thus an ethical problem began to present itself: We sought rejuvenation—which all-inclusives claim to offer like nowhere else, but we were also wary of supporting exploitative labour.

Our final decision was to check out what all the hype was about and go. If indeed our all-inclusive resort were to disgust us, at least we would experience it first-hand and we would be able to weigh the pros against the cons. So off we went.

Upon our arrival, we immediately experienced the luxury which is attributed to

all-inclusives. All we needed to do at the airport in Puerto Vallarta was get on a bus (without worrying about our luggage) and enjoy the ride to the coastal resort. We were greeted at the reception with tropical drinks, and our bags were even delivered straight to our rooms. It was not very long until we discovered that drinks, like food, was totally free. Bars were scattered around the entire resort complex, and bartenders could concoct virtually any drink imaginable. All for free. Most of the staff seemed quite pleasant, although they could have simply been following orders of conduct. One could only imagine that many local Mexicans looking for work were just waiting for some employee to get fired, and for a job to open up.

Our average day on the resort consisted of about 2 hours of tennis, and 5-6 hours of eating, leaving only marginal time for roaming around the beach, the pool area, and the lush botanical gardens which grew amidst the resort. Each of us had brought books with us, and each took the time to lounge in the sun and read a few chapters. After only a couple

of days, we had landed ourselves the roles of demigods.

Ok, you're probably thinking one of two things at this point: What a waste of traveling to another country, you should be spending time learning their culture or; That sounds so relaxing, why don't we have anything like that here in Canada? The truth is that the two answers are probably more closely related than you think.

All-inclusive resorts like the one we visited are excellent operations which execute their task to perfection. One leaves an all-inclusive resort with a feeling of utter well-being and rejuvenation. Experiencing another culture

has nothing to do with all-inclusive resorts. However, the remarkable efficiency achieved at all-inclusives could hardly be achieved in an economic region with high wages and higher taxes and overhead costs. The debate, as we found, is not an entirely simple one. All-inclusive resorts are not simply flagrant violations of workers' rights and free trade agreements; the experience of the replenishment of one's energy has virtue in itself. But the recognition that one is supporting an unjust system can be heart wrenching. The decision is up to the individual, I suppose, but I recommend experiencing it at least once.



to be continued...

tune in next time...

see you then...

# Classified Ads

**Wanted:** T-Rev the Terrible. Crimes: Misuse of time green material, an overabundance of puns, interesting table etiquette, and chronic tardiness to class.

**No Longer Wanted:** 2 Ford pickups, 2 models of higher quality have been acquired.

**Wanted:** Several random hobbies to become deeply enamored with for about thirteen seconds, please call Michelle @ 679-1542

**To Give Away:** Medal of outstanding achievement to Shauna Littlefair for her contributions to the Dagligtale.

**For Sale:** one wok. Well loved and used. Only cooked stir-fries. Comes with free lessons (and bad pickup lines). Bring your own apron. Call T-Rev at 608-2924

**Needed:** Someone to walk cat. Slightly vicious, does not come to any name. Applicants must sign a medical release, and have proof of updated immunizations and shots (rabies, ringworm, etc). Call T-Rev to schedule interview at 608-2924.

**Wanted:** Fairy godmother for the Dagligtale office. Apply in person. Miracle work a necessity.

**Wanted:** Real classified ads. Come on, people! This is your chance to get what you really want, or get rid of what you really don't want! Send your classifieds to the Dagligtale at:

dagligtale@hotmail.com  
or  
dagligtale@augustana.ca

**To Give Away:** Valentines kisses. F203.

**Wanted:** Acoustic piano, upright or grand, decent condition. No joke. 679-1542, ask for Steve.

**Wanted:** Location to drink alcohol on campus, apart from my dorm room. Hehe.

**Wanted:** A tenor range. Call T-Rev at 608-2924.

**Wanted:** Cure for student apathy. There are millions of people in this world who would donate one of their kidneys to study here. You don't have to overachieve, but don't be so lazy!

**For Sale:** vinyl experiment T-shirts, and tickets for Feb. 12 show (see page 6). Available from band members. Band members available at the Dag office.

**For Sale:** Augustana Theatre Centre. Antique edifice, rich in municipal history, needs structural attention. Send offers to University of Alberta.

**Wanted:** Students to support Augustana Against AIDS. Look for posters advertising guest celebrity appearances.

## Ode to Four O'clock

*In a few hours  
it will be day  
and I'm still awake  
at my desk,  
pulsating  
internally  
to the twitch  
of my clock,  
which tells me  
with cold breath  
"I'm too tired  
to keep spinning"  
so I gaze out  
my window  
and yearn for the  
deep, cold silence  
of my own sleep  
and the youth  
of a new day.*

4:00am



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### SPECIAL DEAL:

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and get 6 free fills

# Horoscopes

**Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)** With the help of a mirror, practice your best pensive look. Some people are beginning to wonder what you're doing at university.

**Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 20)** Learn at least two constellations this month, whether you care about astrology or not. There's something sexy about having knowledge of the stars.

**Taurus (Apr 21 - May 21)** I see great things in your future. Just keep your focus, and everything will be fine.

**Gemini (May 22 - Jun 21)** Listen to Corb Lund, he might change your mind about country music, one way or another.

**Cancer (Jun 22 - Jul 22)** Have you considered where you're going to spend your spring break? There are some nice bed & breakfasts in Alberta...

**Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22)** You're going to get the worst mark of your university career this month (on something you tried really hard on, too...)

**Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 23)** Pink is definitely your colour, red not so much. On the other hand, it depends where you wear it.

**Libra (Sep 24 - Oct 23)** Swimming is an excellent way to improve your cardiovascular fitness, or to drown your problems.

**Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)** Make sure to figure out the rules for proper Canadian spelling.

**Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)** Write something for the Dagligtale by March 4.

**Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20)** As a way of relieving school pressure, try a lobotomy, it helped Pumo.

**Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19)** It's your birthday this month! Buy some candles to blow out and invite your friends and family over for a Birthday roast.

# Panago Pizza

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# CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Bragi's Diary 2005

Creative writers in the Augustana community are invited to contribute to an anthology of creative writing.

## Categories:

- Short Story
- Poetry
- Non-fiction/Essay

Cover Art Guidelines and submission forms are available at F220 or N207. For more information, contact Pam Chamberlain (679-1579 or [champ@augustana.ca](mailto:champ@augustana.ca))

## Poetry

### just apparitions

by Ian McPhail

lovely strands lie to flow in pictures of us, we do not know.  
rain danced out in the street, you danced the rain with your feet.  
two rosed lines broke their vow whispering truth only gods allow.

she'd know that shade anywhere, created it was of all her care.  
pulsate went your body's supernova, leaving a breathless Jehovah  
the painter is fixed on his back to show two lines with no lack.

she moves to the rhythm held in the stars,  
with her face to the sun my words fail to come.  
she sweeps down the stairs with diamond eyes,  
with her hair in the wind my words fail to begin.

please, flash me your ghost friendly smile.  
please, let me behold you, it just for a while.

by the unknown poet

walking through a minefield of banana peels  
I stumbled on to you  
lounging at the bottom of the barrel  
your prospects bleak and sterile  
I thought I'd found what I required  
ready for whatever should transpire  
floating in the abyss of apparent transparency  
drifting in on the wind of forewarning  
forgotten lyrics of a song  
silent tears shed in mourning  
tentative footsteps towards dawn  
that tripped while learning how to fall  
and sunrise splashed a watercolour painting on my wall.

## See a Good Film

Local Film Series: Challenging Crisis, Cultivating Hope

If you're a student, staff or faculty member (or none of the above, and you just happen to be reading the Dagbladet for some reason) looking for a break from a monotonous routine, yearning for more ways to appreciate the arts, or even just trying to find an excuse to spend more time in our illustrious on-campus Coffee House, you should leave 2:30 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 6 clear in your daytimer.

Camrose International Institute (CII) will be showing the first of three films that comprise a local film series entitled Challenging Crisis, Cultivating Hope. The films are all highly acclaimed and independently made, not to mention relevant, captivating and enlightening. The aim of the series is to approach real challenges we must face, both locally and globally, and to explore real solutions through the sharing of the films, the sharing of our voices and ideas, and, of course, the sharing of some healthy and fair-trade snacks (including, this Sunday, home-made real-deal Mexican salsa).

Here's a brief synopsis of the first film:

### "The Take"

Sunday, February 6 at 2:30 p.m.

The Coffee House

[www.thetake.org](http://www.thetake.org)

Director/producer Avi Lewis (Counterspin) and writer/producer and renowned author Naomi Klein (No Logo) take viewers to Argentina, inside the lives of ordinary visionaries as they reclaim their work, their dignity, and their democracy. In the wake of Argentina's spectacular economic collapse in 2001, Latin America's most prosperous middle class finds itself in a ghost town of abandoned factories and mass unemployment. In suburban Buenos Aires, thirty unemployed auto-parts workers walk into their idle factory, roll out sleeping mats and refuse to leave. All they want is to re-start the silent machines. But this simple act—the take—has the power to turn the globalization debate on its head.

The next two films, "Scared Sacred" (an exploration of some of humanity's darkest moments and a search for meaning in the face of crisis and turmoil) and "Slow Food Revolution" (a film about culture, environment, biodiversity, and most of all, the food we do eat, could eat, and would like to eat) will be shown in the Coffee House in March and April, respectively.

All you have to do is browse the major news headlines to realize that we can no longer ignore the effect that such overwhelming forces as global trade barriers, poverty, and environmental destruction have on us locally. For over 30 years, CII has raised awareness of these issues, educated for positive change, and partnered with communities here and abroad to nurture healthy and sustainable economic, environmental, and social alternatives. The film series will give students, faculty, community members, and anyone with an interest and a voice a venue to engage in further discussion of the amazing solutions that are already happening 'out there.'

So feel free to drop by the Coffee House on Sunday afternoon to take in a good film, some good food, and some good ideas that will, at the very least, get your face out of a book for a couple of hours, and at best, give you a fresh view and a little hope.

Admission to the series Challenging Crisis, Cultivating Hope is by donation at the door. For more information call Ellen at 672-2460.

...Continued from page 6...+ve or -ve

users get HIV." Wrong. In North America at this time the rate of infection among young women between the ages of 16-30 is higher than that of gay people. Does your partner use or ever tried drugs? Do you know if he is lying? He or she could be positive. There are currently more than 1.6 million people in North America that are HIV positive. In 2003, 120 000 people are believed to have been infected with HIV. Are you going to be one more number in that statistic this year?

Help get rid of HIV. Get tested as part of your regular check up or before every sexual partner.

## Steve the Nerd of Werds

**Preamble** - to do with walking around.

**Proviso** - a condition or stipulation. E.g. If you're going to stay at my place, I must state a proviso that I have.

**Prescience** - knowledge of something before its occurrence. E.g. I attribute my test-writing abilities to my prescience.

**Posterity** - future generations. E.g. I'm keeping a diary of my thoughts for posterity's sake.

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or call us  
679-1542  
Thank you  
Good night!

Write for the Freaking Dag



## Flirting with Controversy Top Ten List

by Steve Hansen

Like spotting hickies on Valentine's Day, news events at Augustana just aren't hard to come by these days. Things would be a lot better if people just kept their mouths shut (and to themselves). Anyway, here are a few of Augustana's latest news items.

1. Starting in the 2006-2007 year, Augustana will offer a new degree program in Globalization Studies. Graduates will have the initials 'Dtr' attached to their name, indicating the new type of degree issued—the Dittmar.
2. Augustana's most eligible Ph.D. English professor Huw Osborne, shakes his head when asked to host a St. Valentine's Day love poetry reading for the residents of First West.
3. For the purpose of cathartic release, the Augustana Faculty will ceremonially rename the Augustana Theatre Centre the John Pattison Centre the day before its scheduled destruction.
4. After successfully selling Singing Christmas Quartets and Singing Valentines, in March the Augustana Choir will begin selling Singing Letters to the MLA.
5. In the wake of the U of A and Augustana merger, the Camrose Municipal Airport will be holding a petition to merge with the Edmonton International Airport, hoping to increase Camrose's accessibility for Stage 13 and Big Valley Jamboree.
6. Norwegian professor Dr. Ingrid Urberg anxiously envisions her send-off after seeing a poster advertisement bearing the title 'To Norway With Love.'
7. Augustana's new marketing sessional professor Jonathan Barnes, newly arrived from a gig in England, questions his whereabouts after asking a student where the Faculty of Management building is (?). True story.
8. Augustana's most notable alumnus, international opera star Nathan Berg, will be offering a highly sought-after course in 2006—'How to Make a Living as a Musician 202.'
9. With fascist leader Dr. Neil Haave on sabbatical, the Science department is holding a vote on whether to allow jokes back into the classroom.
10. After a mysterious absence from work, Augustana's own Dr. Milton Schlosser is found awkwardly tucked into his grand piano making clicking and hissing noises and chanting 'De Profundis.'

Dedicated to Gateway reporter Caitlin Crawshaw

## Steve's Fabulous Paella

### Ingredients

- ½ pound frozen medium shrimp, peeled and deveined
- 2 cups frozen peas
- Olive oil
- 3 Italian sausages
- 2 fresh medium tomatoes
- 1 large onion
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 284mL can undiluted chicken broth
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 2 cups couscous

### Instructions

1. Rinse frozen shrimp under cold water until ice melts. Drain and pat dry with paper towel.
2. Measure out frozen peas and set aside.
3. Oil a large saucpan and set to medium heat. Squeeze meat from sausage casings into saucpan, and use a fork to crumble meat. Cook until done.
4. Coarsely chop onion and add to sausage. Stir until softened. Add tomatoes and garlic, sprinkle with paprika. Stir occasionally until tomatoes break down.
5. Pour in broth and water.
6. Bring to a boil. Stir occasionally to prevent burning of contents on bottom.
7. Stir in shrimp, peas, and couscous.
8. Remove from heat and cover.
9. Let stand until liquid is absorbed by couscous.
10. Fluff mixture and serve.

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Preparing for his retirement, Dittmar has decided to explore new hobbies

## Pretty in Pink

Augustana's own Rev. Dr. Dittmar Mundel can barely contain his own excitement. "The Spirit moves me..." And where did he learn to dance? Better yet, WHY is he dancing? That's a question best directed at the students of last year's Rural Development Exchange. Hey, Dittmar, what's with the long face? You're on camera, you're a star! Enjoy the limelight, 'cause after all, any publicity is good publicity, right? And by the way, where did you get that outfit? I mean, it's not really hideous, but it's still going to give me nightmares for a while. Sorry, Dittmar, we didn't intend on breaking the news that you're going to be offering a new course next year on cross-dressing and spirituality. Word just gets out. Anyway, like Hal Johnson and Joanne MacLeod used to say, "Keep fit and have fun."

Oh, and let this paparazzi photo serve as evidence of the long arm of the Dagligtale.  
Hang on to your photo albums...